Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gẽtle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To sore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I sincke.
Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, dums the mouse, the Constables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement sits,

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things tru
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bin with y
She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape
an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman,
a teeme of little ottanne-ouer mens noses as they l
waggõ spokes made of lõg spinners legs: the couer
of Grathoppers, her traces of the smallest spider we
of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crick
lash of Philome, her waggoner, a small grey coat
half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the l
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hasel nut, Made b
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Co
and in this state she gallops night by night, throgh l
and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees,
on Curſies strait ore Lawyers fingers who strait dr
ore Ladies lips who strait one kisses dream, which
Mab with blisters plagues, becauſe their breat
meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a C
and then dreames he of smelling out a sute: and som
she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime sh
a souldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting fo
of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths
deepe, and then anon drums in his eare, at which
wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a praier or
againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes o
might: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish h
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.